THE STORY THUS FAR...

WHILE **MISS AMERICA** BECOMES THE PRISONER OF THE DIABOLICAL REX, LEADER OF A NAZI CLIQUE INTENT ON A NEW TRY FOR WORLD CONQUEST, THE CRAFTY MRS. VARNHAM ARRIVES IN BUENOS AIRES WITH THE MICROFILM FORMULA FOR A SUN RAY CONDENSER MORE POWERFULLY DESTRUCTIVE THAN THE ATOM BOMB! OTHER FOES OF DEMOCRACY ARE AFTER IT, INCLUDING THE POWER-MAD REX -- BUT AT PRESENT MRS. VARNHAM HOLDS THE INSIDE TRACK...

SMUGLY THE DISGUISED MRS. VARNHAM TAKES A TAXI FROM THE AIRPORT...

I COULDN'T HAVE PLANNED BETTER! MADELEINE JOYCE INNOCENTLY CARTED THE BRACELET OUT OF THE U.S. WITH THE FAKE MICROFILM, WHILE I'M BRINGING THE REAL MICROFILM, AND NO ONE ON MY TRAIL!

BOO

AMUSING HOW I PUT THE AGENTS ON THE TRAIL OF MADELEINE JOYCE -- DRIVER, STOP HERE!

CASA LUTRIO

STOPPING AT AN OUT-OF-THE-WAY SECOND RATE HOTEL'S A GOOD MOVE TOO! I CAN NOW DISPOSE OF THE MICROFILM WITHOUT GIVING CUTS! I HAVE TO LAUGH WHEN I THINK OF MY GREEDY STEPSISTER EXPECTING FIFTY PER CENT! HA! HA!

OOOO

CASA LUTRIO

AND AS THE WILY MRS. VARNHAM GLOATS, AT REX'S HIDEOUT WE FIND...

WELL, SANNING, WE BRING YOU COMPANY! A FRIEND OF YOURS... CHLOROFORMED!

GREAT HEAVENS! MISS AMERICA!

CHAIN HER TO THE WALL! WE'LL USE THE OXYDO-HYDRO TREATMENT TO REVIVE HER. I'VE SOME IMPORTANT QUESTIONS TO ASK HER. SOMETHING NEW THAT OCCURRED TO ME ABOUT THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE MICROFILM!

MEANWHILE, AT THE CASA de LUTRIO...

I WIRED A RESERVATION FOR A ROOM AND BATH... MRS. JANE RUTGERS.

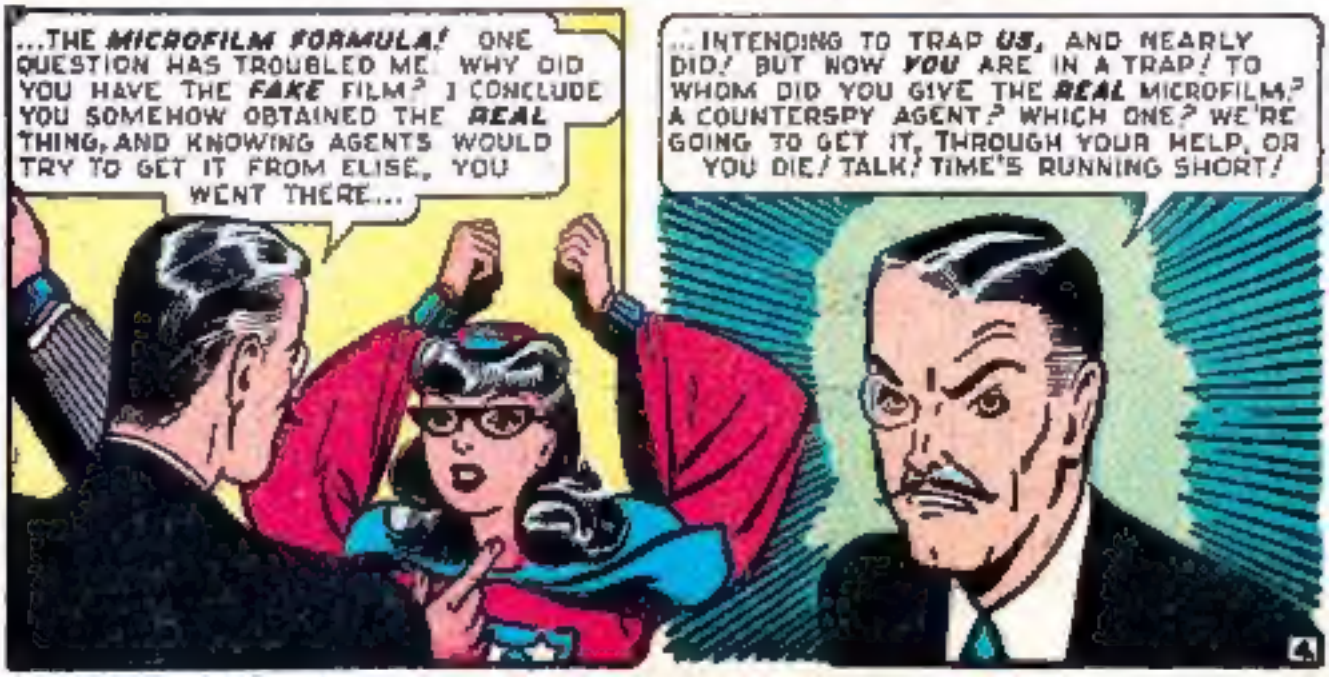
SI, SI! WE HAVE SOMETHING FOR YOU ON THE FOURTH FLOOR! YOU WILL SIGN THE REGISTER, PLEASE!

AT THIS POINT A YOUNG MAN ENTERS THE LOBBY WORRIEDLY...
I'M NO CLOSER TO MY GOAL, AND THE ILES' SOUNDED IMPATIENT WHEN I PHONED THEM I DIDN'T GET THE MICROFILM! I SUPPOSE I SHOULD GO UPSTAIRS AND TALK TO THEM!
ON SECOND THOUGHT, NO! I THINK I'LL TRY ELISE WINTERS' HOME AGAIN. MAYBE SHE'S RETURNED.
NOW, PLEASE, SENORA GUTGERS, THE RENT IN ADVANCE!
SMAP!
THESE CHEAP HOTELS NEVER TRUST ANYONE!
WILL THE SENORA PLEASE UNDERSTAND THERE IS NOTHING PERSONAL? IT IS THE RULE!
THAT WOMAN DOESN'T KNOW SHE LOST HER PENCIL! I'LL RETURN IT TO HER!
IT'S STILL ROLLING... THERE, I HAVE (ULP!) A GUN!
YOU WILL COME WITH ME--QUIETLY!
MANUEL! WHAT'S THE IDEA? WE'RE WORKING TOGETHER WITH THE ILES!
ARE YOU? THEY THINK NOT! THEY WISH TO SEE YOU! COME!

WALK NATURALLY, UNCONCERNED! THE GUN'S IN MY POCKET BUT MY FINGER'S ON THE TRIGGER! WE'LL TAKE THE SELF-SERVICE ELEVATOR. RING FOR IT!
THIS IS NONSENSE. THERE'S NO REASON FOR THIS SUSPICION OF ME!
ELEVATOR

THERE'S VERY GOOD REASON! THEY HAVE NEWS OF YOUR PAST!
SO THEY'VE FOUND OUT! I SHOULD HAVE CONFIDED IN MISS AMERICA! NOW I DO NEED HELP!

THEN PETER CARR IS APPARENTLY NOT THE ENEMY MISS AMERICA SUSPECTED! WHAT IS HIS PAST? AND WHAT OF THE FUTURE? HOW CAN ANY HELP BE EXPECTED FROM MISS AMERICA, HERSELF A HELPLESS CAPTIVE OF THE DIABOLICAL REX? AT THIS VERY MOMENT, SHE IS AWAKENED FROM HER CHLOROFORMED STATE!


...THE MICROFILM FORMULA! ONE QUESTION HAS TROUBLED ME. WHY DID YOU HAVE THE FAKE FILM? I CONCLUDE YOU SOMEHOW OBTAINED THE REAL THING, AND KNOWING AGENTS WOULD TRY TO GET IT FROM ELISE, YOU WENT THERE...
...INTENDING TO TRAP US, AND NEARLY DID! BUT NOW YOU ARE IN A TRAP! TO WHOM DID YOU GIVE THE REAL MICROFILM? A COUNTERSPY AGENT? WHICH ONE? WE'RE GOING TO GET IT, THROUGH YOUR HELP, OR YOU DIE! TALK! TIME'S RUNNING SHORT!
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AS SOON AS WE HAVE THE MICROFILM AND KNOW IT'S AUTHENTIC, YOU TWO CAN GO SAFELY ON YOUR WAY!
I'D RATHER DIE THAN...
NO! I CAN'T LET YOU DIE!
MADELEINE JOYCE, GRAND PALLAZIO HOTEL, HAS THE REAL MICROFILM! I THOUGHT IT SAFE WITH HER. SHE WAS INSTRUCTED TO KEEP IT UNTIL SHE HEARD FROM ME AGAIN!
SHE'LL HEAR FROM US! WE WILL GO AT ONCE!
LITTLE DO THEY KNOW THAT YOU AND MADELEINE JOYCE ARE ONE AND THE SAME! FOR A MOMENT YOU HAD ME SCARED, FOR FEAR YOU WERE REALLY ABOUT TO TELL WHERE THE FORMULA IS!
I DON'T EVEN KNOW MYSELF! BUT SENDING THEM ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE MAY GIVE US TIME TO FIGURE A WAY OUT!
MEANWHILE, BACK AT CASA de LUTRIO...
HERE HE IS! SIGNED, SEALED AND DELIVERED, AS LOS AMERICANOS WOULD SAY!
DON'T ATTEMPT HUMOR, MANUEL! ILES! LOCK THE DOOR!
NOW! FOR YOU! YOU PRESENTED CREDENTIALS TO US AS LOUIS REINTWERP, A NOTORIOUS BELGIAN COLLABORATIONIST DURING THE NAZI OCCUPATION! WE THOUGHT A MAN OF YOUR RECORD AN IDEAL ONE TO WORK WITH US... A MAN WITHOUT PRINCIPLE! SO WE SET YOU UP WITH A NEW IDENTITY AS PETER CARR! BUT...
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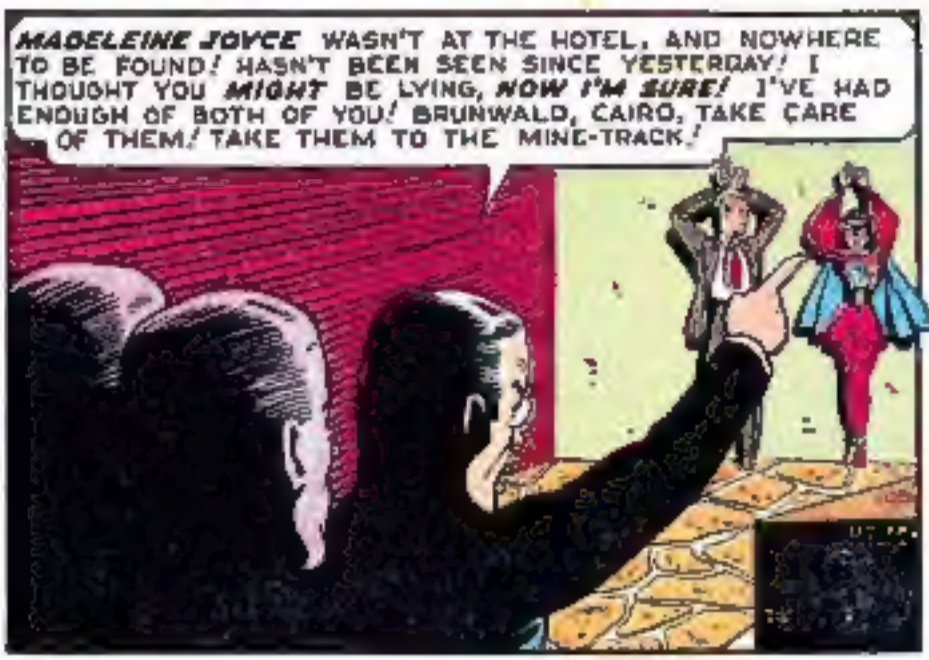
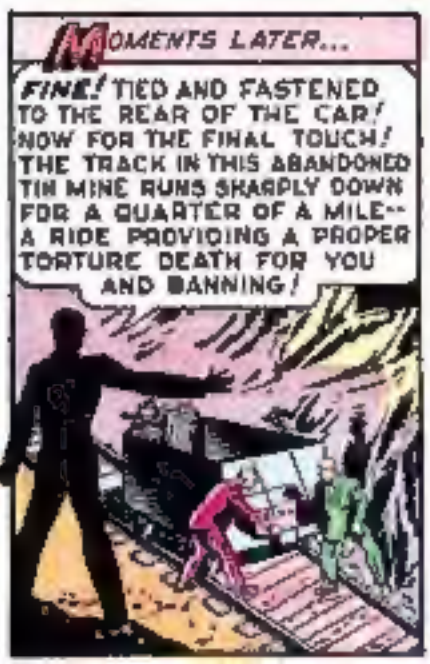
...HALF AN HOUR AGO, WE RECEIVED THIS LETTER FROM A WELL-INFORMED SOURCE GIVING YOUR REAL IDENTITY AS LOUIS REMIENS, A PATRIOT OF THE BELGIAN UNDERGROUND, A MAN WITH IDEALS!
CORRECT, MADAME, AND SINCE YOU NOW KNOW...
...I'LL TELL YOU WHY I ASSOCIATED WITH YOU! I'M SEARCHING FOR A MAN I VOWED TO GET! GENERAL ERIC KESSELWOLFE, THE NAZI BUTCHER! HE HAD MY VILLAGE DESTROYED AND HIMSELF KILLED MY PARENTS AND SISTER! I HEARD HE HAD ESCAPED TO BUENOS AIRES, AND...
...SINCE YOU ARE SUCH UNSCRUPULOUS ADVENTURERS, I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT GET IN CONTACT WITH HIM. IN TURN I WAS DECEIVED BY YOU! YOU SAID THE MICROFILM YOU SOUGHT CONTAINED INFORMATION ABOUT A NEW NAZI NETWORK, INFORMATION YOU COULD SELL! BUT YOU KNEW IT CONTAINS A FORMULA FOR A HORRIBLE WEAPON!
OHHH!
THAT SHUT HIM UP, ILES! WHAT'S THAT HE DROPPED? A PENCIL?
HE WAS PICKING IT UP WHEN I APPROACHED HIM! A WOMAN DROPPED IT!
HMMM! ACCIDENT OR DELIBERATE? MAYBE SHE WAS GETTING A MESSAGE OF SOME KIND TO HIM! AH! THE CAP'S LOOSE...
STRANGE THAT THE INITIALS SHOULD BE INSIDE THE CAP! THIS LOOKS DELIBERATELY REVERSED AS IF SHE'S TRYING TO HIDE HER IDENTITY! "M.V."? ILES!
6

I SEE! I'LL GO DOWN TO THE DESK AND FIND OUT UNDER WHAT NAME SHE REGISTERED!
EXACTLY! MANUEL, TIE UP OUR FRIEND HERE. HE WON'T WORK FOR US ANYMORE!

TIME PASSES, MOMENTS BLEND INTO MORE THAN AN HOUR AT THE HIDEOUT OF THE RUTHLESS REX!
THEY'RE COMING BACK! I HEAR THOSE "GENTLE VOICES"!
AND WE'RE STILL AS BADLY OFF AS EVER! WE CAN'T GET OUT OF THIS TRAP!


MADELEINE JOYCE WASN'T AT THE HOTEL, AND NOWHERE TO BE FOUND! HASN'T BEEN SEEN SINCE YESTERDAY! I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE LYING, NOW I'M SURE! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF BOTH OF YOU! BRUNWALD, CAIRO, TAKE CARE OF THEM! TAKE THEM TO THE MINE-TRACK!

BUT TIE THEM WELL BEFORE RELEASING THEM FROM THE WALL! MISS AMERICA MIGHT TRY KICKING UP!


MOMENTS LATER...
FINE! TIED AND FASTENED TO THE REAR OF THE CAR! NOW FOR THE FINAL TOUCH! THE TRACK IN THIS ABANDONED TIN MINE RUNS SHARPLY DOWN FOR A QUARTER OF A MILE-- A RIDE PROVIDING A PROPER TORTURE DEATH FOR YOU AND BANNING!

?!?!?!?
WILL THIS BE MISS AMERICA'S LAST RIDE? WILL EVIL HANDS CONTROL THE WORLD'S MOST DESTRUCTIVE WEAPON? LOOK FOR AND BUY THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS!
!?!?!?!?!

NOW TO START THE CAR! IT WILL KEEP MOVING UNTIL IT REACHES THE END OF THE TRACKS AND END YOUR LIVES, FOR WHEN THE CASE OF DYNAMITE TIED TO THE FRONT OF THE CAR HITS THE WALL... BOOM!

MARVEL
MYSTERY COMICS
NO. 82
MAY
10¢
IN THIS ISSUE
THE COMING OF NAMORA!
FEATURE LENGTH ACTION-THRILLER